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Sikh Heroes & Martyrs Number

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# THE KHALSA

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Vol. 5

LAHORE, THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1933.

No. 12

THE FIRST GREAT MARTYR

FOUNDER OF THE KHALSA



SRI GURU ARJAN DEV



SRI GURU GOBIND SINGH



## BIRTHDAY OF KHALSA

In honour of the sacred day of Baisakhi the auspicious birthday of the gallant Khalsa, this number is humbly presented to the Guru Panth for the purpose it is meant in the earnest hope that the labour devoted to it will not go unrewarded.

BAKSHISH SINGH

Lahore : 1933.



S. TRILCHAN

Martyrs are persons who truth of their convictions by suffering and sacrifice. They offer their bodies for being persecuted. They laugh under butcher's blows. They are sawed alive. They resent, later while they are being cut in pieces. They request the butcher to be slow and scrupulous in separating their joints. "Bis by lot, dear," said Mani Singh. "Cut the knuckles of my each finger into three. Then come to the wrist slowly, friend. Don't hurry."

A martyr is a believer, not a questioner. He loves and needs no explanation. His faith is his courage, his strength. He dies without questioning the merits of his action, and, without hoping for reward. His duty is completed, his principles served when he is sacrificed. His goal is his ruin.

Just imagine Guru Gobind Singh, encamped in the deserts of Malwa. He is offered a new gun. He is asked to try its shot. Della craves permission to offer him one. He visits his camp but his men question Della as to the good of dying such a foolish death. "Let him try as in a field of battle," said they.

One discloses this news to the believers assembled in the kitchen. Some half a dozen run to the place where the Guru-Father is sitting. "Try me, father," says one. "My chest is broader," says another. "I am taller," says a third. He selects one and orders him to stand at a distance within the range of the bullet. Another rushes and asks permission to stand beside the one already chosen. "All right, go," says he. "Take care the ball does not miss you."

He shoulders the gun, moves the barrel to and fro. The human targets dance before him lest they miss the ball and be deprived of living life-eternal.

Brittle bodies! They are already broken. They are born to die. Don't go into dust. Vultures will not feed on the sinner's corpse. Why fear death? Love it. It precipitates flight from the rage of flesh and bones. It liberates.

A martyr understands the nothingness of life, its false value. He is a lover of reality. He dies physically but lives centuries after he is dead and gone.

Yet, he is to be distinguished from a victim. Victim dies before. His persecutors. He seeks safety. He pleads protection and takes shelter in anonymity. The profane hands pull him out of sanctified places and cut him in pieces. He is to be pitied, not honored.

of the martyr. He does not meet it half way. No, he does not retaliate. Retaliation is indicative of fear and escape.

The martyr Guru Arjun was made to sit in a boiling cauldron. He was roasted on a red hot iron sheet. He was parbed. His saint friend craved permission. Suggested retaliation. The martyr's lips parted into a smile. "It is nothing, saint," said he. "Not I, but flesh and bones are being boiled. Do not mind." The martyr was looking at the boiling body—and the saint watching it—with complete detachment. He was still calm.

A martyr welcomes death, the liberation. A victim tries to escape it. Martyrs are true, great, ever-living. The Khalsa is a race of Martyrs. The Khalsa is true. The Khalsa lives for ever.

Love of lucre is greed. Love of body, of wife and children is attachment. The desire to possess clothes and kiltz. With the Khalsa all these things are Guru's property.

A Khalsa lives because he carries his head, his life on the palm of his hand. Headless, lifeless he can ply his "Khand" for three miles and then enter the Golden Temple. A dip in the heavenly waters cleanses him. Song-celestial raises him gradually from mundane dwellings. Dip Singh rushes into the open arms of his Guru-Father in heaven.

People began to doubt. They said that martyrdom of the Khalsa was a thing of days gone by. Probably they were stories good for the books alone. The Khalsa felt the necessity of staging past events, to repeat history.

An opportunity occurred. They challenged death at Hasan Abdal a few years ago. The like of it had not occurred before. In order to stop a train, to prove that the Khalsa martyrs ever live, a hundred souls sat on the rails. The wheels of the running engine were clogged by bodies of dying and the dead. The train was stopped. In order to move the train again the maimed arms, legs, and bodies had to be pulled out from under the wheels.

The blood of martyrs shall speak! The rails and the earth speak!! The sun, the air and the bushes of Masar Abdal station shall testify that the Khalsa is a race of martyrs. Martyrs live for ever. The Khalsa shall live!!

# NDI CHHORA."

many of the Lion of the Punjab have remained comparatively there had been no account of rated Hari Singh Nalwa, his lieutenant from childhood and serving chief. The great Sardar all the traits of a true Sikh—pious, generous and gallant and an ardent object in clearing the N. W. F. of the ferocious Pathan was to rid the people for ever of the fear of carnage, plunder and kidnapping in which these fierce people indulge to their hearts content whenever they get an opportunity now-a-days even. That Hari Singh Nalwa is still remembered with awe by the turbulent Pathans, is an ever living proof of what a lesson he taught them. We give below the episode which won for him the title of "Bandi chhora" or "Liberator of the Fugitive captives."

The Sardar is encamped near the town of Hakra, and after the evening Dewan—the Rakhs prayer—the usual conference is going on. But the deliberations are disturbed by some body crying "Faryad, Faryad meri Faryad Hari Singh Dole aye—I have come with a complaint before Hari Singh the magnanimous." The Sardar is startled and orders the person to be brought in. He is a Brahmin priest of Hakra, and states that he brings a message from the people of the town, "The brave frontier Pathans," says he, "have raided the town and carried away some hundred beautiful girls, whom they are putting, each bound hand and foot, in boats, to take across the river Indus." The gallant Hari Singh does not wait for any further statement, and orders his horse to be ready. The bogle for "muster and march" is sounded, but he does not wait for that, and accompanied by his brave and devoted son, Jawahir Singh, and a few orderlies, urges his horse to a full headlong speed, reaching the spot. And lo, the Sardar rushes in the enemy's midst, and slaughter begins, he and his brave son and servants working a havoc. The boats that have not started are detained and the wretched raiders taken prisoners, so he released only if the boats that have gone come back each with its inmates safe and unharmed. The demand is obeyed, the culprits presenting the girls, saying "Huzoor, Huzoor." The Sardar holds a Durbar and returns each virgin to her parents and mother to her husband who depart then by turns shouting "Dhyan hai Hari Singh, bandi chhora—Blessed be Hari Singh, the liberator of the captured girls." The nobleness of such a deed it is impossible to describe in words.

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# THE KHALSA

LAHORE, THURSDAY APRIL 13, 1938.

## The Future Of Our Community

The perusal of some of the articles given in this Special Number will convince our readers that the Sikh community had produced great heroes and martyrs in the past—martyrs who had laid down their lives for Sikhism and all that it stood for—without any fear of death and with a courage that was rare. For more than three centuries now since the martyrdom of Guru Arjan Dev, the Sikhs had given their precious lives for the love of their Gurus and for the preservation of their faith. They were tortured, mutilated, skinned alive, burnt to death, executed and yet the spirit in them was unyielding and undying and they triumphed over death and came out victorious. Verily the blood of martyrs is seed of the Church and Sikhism is alive to-day because so many died for its sake. With such brilliant traditions and such a record of heroism and self-sacrifice at our back we ought to have gone forward with the speed of lightning. What then is the cause of this arrest in our onward march?

When we analyse the causes, we find that among the leaders of our community to-day there are very few who are men of vision or men inspired with the true spirit of Sikhism—a spirit of self-surrender and self-sacrifice. What we need is therefore the right type of leaders. The Chief Khalsa Dewan, the S.G.P.C., the Akali Dal, our Leagues and our Press are working at cross purposes and cancelling the work of one another. We have no Panthic programmes and we have become incapable of any constructive work. In war we shine, but in peace we do not know what to do.

The community is thirsting for lead and no one can give us that. Unless the truly spiritual among us put their heads together we as a community can not achieve much these days. It is the duty of men of light and leadership in our community to put their shoulders

to the wheel. The masses among us have to be educated and we want more schools for our boys and girls. Our Gurdwaras from where should emanate the true spirit of Sikhism have become the breeding places of corruption and jobbery and our Panthic papers are indulging in carrying criticism of persons rather than laying stress on principles. All this must change and we should realise our responsibility and our duty to our community.

We trust the Educational Conference which is holding its session at Peshawar during the Easter will not only pass pious resolutions and shouts of Sat Sri Akal but will take up seriously the question of EDUCATION and PAROCHIAL and give to the community some practical and practicable programme. Our youngmen must find some work to do and if we utilise our resources—material as well as spiritual—and conserve our energies, there is still room for us in the future regeneration of our country. How long can we live on our past heritage, if we at the same time do not look to the future. That is why we need men with ideas and with ideals and men with a vision such as the Gurus had, and above all we need that spirit of heroic courage and self-sacrifice which the Martyrs had, who made us what we are to-day. May Akal Purkh (God the Almighty) grant us all this, is our earnest prayer.

## THE PRIZE ARTICLES

We have received several articles on Sikh Heroes and Martyrs for our special number. A few reached us late and hence could not be published. The best of some of these has been right enough and we have decided to adjudge the prizes after the Sikh Educational Conference is over. The results will be duly announced in our issue dated the 20th of April. We wish to draw the attention of our readers to the fact that the prize articles should be sent to the Editor of THE KHALSA, not to the Editor of the Special Number.

It is a responsibility of those in charge of editing and putting the articles in proper form for the press. An article is likely to be rejected if it is not legible. Our readers will also kindly note that the management has decided to pay for the accepted articles at a very reasonable rate according to the quality of such contributions.

## NON-MUSLIM TEACHERS IN JULLUNDUR

It has been with immense pleasure that I have perused the elegant article written by some gentleman in the 'Daily Punjab' of 12th instant regarding the probable condition of Non-Muslim teachers of Jullundur District Board, that was not all, but was really a part of the sad story. The public will be dumb-struck to know the exceptional treatment which is proposed to be awarded to some of the teachers of the District Board Jullundur suggested by the Muslim Officers in the Budget 1938-39.

Out of 25 graduates who are at present getting monthly pay ranging from Rs. 100 to 140 only ten graduates will be retained in the grade of Rs. 84-100, presumably for financial reasons. Some of these unfortunate teachers will suffer a loss of Rs. 30 monthly and a further loss of 10 per cent out in addition. Hindu and Hindu teachers are hit more severely. They lose almost half of their present pay. But the whole project of financial stringency is blown up when the loss of Persian and Arabic teachers comes in the forefront. A survey view of the last and present budget would reveal the truth.

It is all being done by the so-called enlightened and broad minded Muslim officers, only because that the sufferers are almost Hindus and Sikhs. Muslim teachers are protected while Non-Muslims are turned out of service on one of the other pretexts. The Muslim Officers give vent to their communal bias openly and without any apprehension, only because that the Hindu and Sikh Ministers are afraid to do anything for their own communities, and do not give them the rightful share because firstly they lack sufficient courage and the backing of their communities. Secondly because the Muslim press blames them in spite of their blind-mindedness and freedom from communal views.

It may however also be pointed out that unless and until the Hindus and Sikhs direct their own energy towards redressing these grievances, the Hindus and Sikh teachers will be ruined.

So may I wish all the best to my management request the authorities specially the Minister for Local Self-Government under whose charge the District Board is, to look to this alarming state of affairs.



## THE BELOVED FIVE

On the sacred day of Baisakhi (last of Baisakhi Samvat 1750, corresponding to 1922 A. D.) when thousands of people from plains, near and far, have assembled to make such his natural abode to his beloved Guru and receive from his holy lips a word of advice, His Holiness is found to be absolutely alone, against his usual wont. This certainly causes them (including of course the venerable mother and all kith and kin) a great anxiety, reminding them of the scene when Guru Nanak Dev had ceased speaking and he opened his lips with an address for the very physician invited to treat that divine patient.

"Lo, they have called a physician for me who catcheth up my wrist to feel my pulse. Ah, the poor fellow, the physician, knoweth not that the pulse is in my heart!"

"He has been keeping this seal of silence upon his lips for several days past. I am afraid lest he should suffer in health," says mother Gopi Ji. "But what is this due to, there has been nothing to cause him such a shock," remarks a devoted Sikh. "No, nothing of the sort, but he is so close Hindu—with his companions complained, 'How can we approach thee, beloved Guru? The Emperor's men or others in that garb full on thy people and very wayfarers, in the way. This time we have had a very loud tumult of it. Some of our party have been killed and others wounded. Many have returned home. Even these hill rajas do not refrain from troubling us continually. Do thou appear now in thy full effulgence. How long shall we tolerate this Zulam?' I remember to have made no reply but that Khalsa should appear now. Yes, Father, Khalsa as Thou desirest, to aid the poor people of oppression. Yes, there is full so the truth, yes, Khalsa. He said this and there was the seal of silence. "And that was not the only report another thousands of such like or rather more serious complaints of the Moghal Zulam have so far reached him. Yes the cup is full such like whispering and familiar but anxious talk goes on every where in the mass of over a lakh of people, but none can discern the object of the Guru's silence and retirement in his tent, pitched and surrounded by *Kanats* as a wonderful distance. But they have not to wait long, as the Guru himself explains it. Lo! he is there out of his tent, waving his sword emitting flashes of fire. Behold he comes nearer and brandishing his Bhagat sings—

Jai tui pain Khalsa tu Guru,  
Sir dhar tui gali more on.  
It marag pair dhar—  
Sirdi kaan na kije—

If thou desirest to play the game of love, then place thy hand on thy palm and come unto my love. If thou givest thy hand without wavering thou must then enter his path of another.

"I want a head, a human head I say, head of one of my devoted Sikhs. Let me see who cometh forward to present his own head for the sake of religion. Yes, the Bhagat, my sword, wants a head as an offering, and I call upon my men who loveth me and my mission to offer his." As he says this and waves his sabre, his eyes appear crimson and face red, inspiring terror and awe in all that look at him. The leaders, the very lovedst fellows, bend their heads down and as the Guru repeats his demand, they run away saying "the Guru hath no need"—an evidence of weak faith. But is there none to respond to the Supreme's call? Will all be off with their lives, leaving each his faith to him? Oh, no, certainly not. Just look behind, and back who speaks there and what, with his kerchief round his neck. Lo, he steps forward and says—

"My worthless head is ready, O Guru, if thou but direct its use." I should deem myself as saved for ever if this life were of any use to thee."

This is Bhui Daya Ram Khatri of Lahore with his head bent to be an offering to the Guru's command. His Holiness catches him by hand and takes him into the tent apparently with the object of rebuking him. The cowards creak and creakers cry, "O, What is the Guru going to do, what hath happened with him?" And with the report of a stroke a stream of blood gushes forth from the tent and combatants all as if Bhui Daya Ram has been actually beheaded. Immediately does the Guru come out with his sword covered with and dripping blood, and demands a second head for the same purpose saying, "I have done away with Daya Ram, but this hath not satisfied my sword. Will some one else come forward to offer his head? Come one of ye who loveth me and the cause." Now what does the Guru mean by this? No, there is not to reason why, there is but to love and die. The death or say in the creakers' words, the noise

action, of Daya Ram, could not frighten the hearts that are still true to the Guru and there comes forward another embodiment of humility, Dharm Dass of Delhi, and says—

"Beloved Guru, if he sees my form, this humble head is done as what thou pleasest with it."

Needless to say he too is taken into the tent, and "Blak" issues the report of a sabre stroke followed by blood flowing profusely. Alas Dharm Dass is killed too, remark the chicken hearted. Once more does the Guru come out in the same air, now demanding a third head, but while the big mass of thousands is reduced to hundreds, there is still life in the multitude and this time Molikam Chand of Dwarika offers himself. The Guru takes hold of him with an apparently angry mien and going to the tent repeats the same procedure assuring people of having killed Molikam Chand too. And what happens as the Guru appearing for fourth time with the same demand the reader can well imagine. The people are panic struck and think that the Guru is going to kill them all. Some run away and others hang down their heads. But a true faith never wavers and this time comes forward another devoted Sikh, Bani Sahib Chand of Bedar to offer his head to the True Guru. Dito is the case with him.

The Guru comes forth as before and asks for a fifth Sikh to lay down his life for him. Now there is a general flight of the remainder, only those venturing a stay whose faith in the Guru is unswerving. This time Bhul Hanriot of Jagat Nakh responds to the Guru's call, deeming it to be life eternal to be sacrificed in this way. The Guru takes him in.

Now how in a twinkling does the whole scene change! The Guru comes out of the tent followed by all the five he had taken in, each wearing a uniform and armed like a true soldier! "O, they are not killed, they are saved! The Guru had to try them, and how successfully and gloriously have they got through the test!" say some of the multitude. "Alas, why did we waver and run away, would that we had a heart to come forward," say others.

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## BROTHER MANI SINGH

## VITAL MISUNDERSTANDING TO BE REMOVED

S. SHER SINGH, M.Sc., (Kashmir)

One of the greatest of the Sikh Martyrs is Brother Mani Singh whose name looms as large in the history of the Panth as that of St. Paul in Christianity. It was he who kept the torch of Sikhism alight after the Tenth Guru. The days when he held charge of the farmstead at Amritsar were certainly the best and the palmiest days. We cannot look back, nor look forward to a better and more singular personality than him to hold charge of the most coveted post in the Sikh Panth i.e. Head of the Sri Darbar Sahib Amritsar. It was Brother Mani Singh who kept the banner of Sikhism flying when there were traitors and odds on all sides and when the very word 'Sikh' was tabooed. To-day, it is possible to hold court with pretence and to address monster gatherings as these are the days of peace and religious toleration. But in those days Sikhism was at a high discount and it was devotion of the Sikhs which could make them gather in a place like Amritsar, for here they were subjected to every conceivable disability. It was after protracted purpulence that Brother Mani Singh arranged permission for the holding of the annual Haisakhi fair when questions of vital interest to the Panth had to be decided. The meeting was allowed to be held on payment of exorbitant sum of Rs. 10,000. The sum was purposely pitched too high so that the last drop of blood may be squeezed out of the poor Sikhs, as they were in those days. Yet Brother Mani Singh promised to faithfully pay this sum if only they were permitted to hold their deliberations in peace. The rulers were not sincere on their part and at the eleventh hour Brother Mani Singh was informed that this was only a trap to round up the scraggling Sikhs and to end them together, as one stroke. Although it was too late, yet Brother Mani Singh managed to inform all concerned of the subsequent developments and the meeting was postponed *sine die*. This enraged the local Governor whose plans were frustrated. Brother Mani Singh was ordered to be brought before him bound hand and foot, and the usual alternative of 'Death or Islam' was offered to him. Brother Mani Singh was firm like the rock. He was adamant as the diamond. He never shined or gleamed as when he was in trouble. He was with the Tenth Guru in the darkest days of the Panth and he was now called to face all religions. He uttered no word, but the eyes were eloquent and indignant. The Governor stood

stared him and the Brother was condemned to be butchered limb by limb! It was a novel form of punishment that was devised for this Sikh divine, but the object was to deter him from the path of religion. The butcher did as he was ordered to do, and with one stroke he cut off the right hand of the Brother. The stroke fell like a lightning and caused terror in the hearts of all spectators. But there was one man who stood here like the Himalayas: he was Brother Mani Singh. Quite unexpectedly he broke his silence at this moment, and with the other hand uplifted, the Brother thus addressed the butchers: 'Dear Butcher' remember each limb of mine has to be severed, joint by joint, and cut off all together. Here is my second hand, let it be cut such by such, as this is the order of the Governor'. These words were full of religious fervour and righteous indignation. They fell like lightning on the Governor who was dazed and stupefied. The butcher obeyed the Brother more than the Governor and thus passed away the braves and the most learned divine of the Khalasa Panth with the word "Waheguru" on his lips! Such is the depressing and blood-curdling story of Brother Mani Singh which is well worth being written in letters of gold! Sikhism is and ever was a nursery of the Sikhs. This nursery has been irrigated not with water, but with warm blood. The martyrs sowed, what we are reaping to-day. No name nor any sacrifice after the Guru thrills the springs of my heart so much as the magic name of Brother Mani Singh.

And yet, as all luck would have it, it would be no painful surprise to readers to learn that this revered saint and martyr is subjected to invidious propaganda from the quarters of the Panth, —a propaganda which is all the more malicious and mischievous because it is from those quarters of the Panth who are in the Sikh garb. The misunderstanding, of course is that the Brother was subjected to these tortures as he cut the *Gurukul* into pieces! Now this is an entire travesty of facts. Nothing could be further from truth than this accusation. To accuse the trusted custodian of the *Gurukul* with tempering of the same, is like accusing the sun of darkness. It is like spitting at the moon. The real facts are that Mani Singh was a very constructive worker. He compiled *Sukhs* of all the Sikh Gurus, which give us an insight into the manner the Gurus conquered the

Punjab. He also contemplated to write the life history of all the Sikh Gurus with their Gurm. Bani arranged in the order of the Gurus. Who that has loved the Panth at his heart can deny that this is, as it ever was, a pressing need of the Panth, and who could be better fitted to do this valuable work than the Head of the Darbar Sahib. I wonder if Brother Mani Singh did prepare this copy and if so, it was completed in his time. But when I went to Harar Sahib, Nander, Deewan, last winter, I did see with mine own eyes, a copy which is arranged on the above lines, beginning with the first Guru's *Bani* and ending with the *Bani* of the last and the Tenth Guru. The whole MSS is written in excellent script: here and there, you find a running variation of the *Gurmukhi*, and is *Shikasta*, if you like, which has a number of flourishes and in which letters run into each other, making beautiful garlands. It was stated that this was written by the arrow-pen. This, I think is only an explanation of the beautiful variations. The *Zafarnama* is written in *Persian*, and there is an excellent index. This copy is not in the *Gurdwara Nander* itself, but in the *Gurdwara Gurdwara* and the owner thereof informed me that it was brought by his grand father—who was a soldier—from *Peshawar* side which, then as now, is a centre of devout Sikhism. This copy bears no initials or signatures which is evidently a sign of Sikh anonymity and Brother Mani Singh may be expected to have done all the labour and omitted the name. The above copy was evidently prepared with great labour and serves a genuine purpose, such as Akali Kaur Singh's *Index*, although one cannot surpass the other. We want to-day earnest-minded Sikh scholars and devotees who may step into the shoes of Brother Mani Singh and carry on the nonstoppage work that he began. Above all, it is necessary to translate Guru Granth Sahib into all the languages of the world. The English translation by Macauliffe is good enough, but it is body without soul, as Macauliffe missed entirely the *Nova* which is the bubbling fountain of life and for which *Bani* would lose its electric charge. Moreover, poetry rendered into prose is like day translated into night. The Sikh Bible is in poetry and must be translated in poetry in all the languages.

For the present, we are concerned with malicious misrepresentation of Brother Mani Singh which must be set right. It is certainly false and mischievous to say that Brother Mani Singh was subjected to inhuman tortures as he arranged the *Bani*! to do so is to ignore all history and to give credit to the *Mughals* for their inhumanity! Such he must be killed to the counter. We must give the lie to this malicious misrepresentation. There is a similar misrepresentation and misrepresentation about Brother Gur Das but this I must discuss something again. It is surely a sign of decay that such lies begin to

(See page 7)



Special to the "Khalasa"

# THE HERO AS A SAINT

PROF. TEJA SINGH, M.A.

"God appoints holy men or witnesses to show that He is not far from us."—GURU ARJAN.

With the death of the Rev. Sant Attar Singh in 1927 the last and the greatest Sikh saint of the modern days was removed from our midst. No more does his deep divine voice ring with a true missioned devotion to our religious essentials, making the hearts even of the degenerate men tingle with a re-creation of love and piety. Such a loss coming soon after the deaths of Sant Sham Singh, Bhai Hira Singh Bhai and Santar Teja Singh of Samadhi is a regrettable. It is true that God never leaves the world unprotected, but the present state of vacancy in the Sikh ranks is terrible to contemplate. It seems as if every one of the few high influences has been deliberately knocked out and we are left for the present quite in the dark. There are plenty of honest and well-meaning leaders in the different ranks of the Sikhs, but there is not one among them who could command whole-hearted respect from all classes.

As the days advance we are feeling more and more the significance of these losses. The old order is changing, with a vengeance. Not one mission left who could keep the numerous spell-bound with his *Kirtan*! Not one leader left in the councils of the Panth who in spite of differences could convince his opponents of the tenacity of his purpose! Not one preacher left who could thrill us with enthusiasm of the revelation of the sacred Word!

We have got too many lecturers and debaters, but very few teachers of the Word who could touch the hearts with conviction and faith. In the struggle for acquiring rights we have become less conscious of our duties. In making ourselves ready to suffer we have come to ignore the efficacy of prayer, and the sacred Word, which alone could make us regard our sufferings as sacrifices. Without this all the trouble we take in ourselves willingly begin to gell us and create a spirit of peevishness, impatience and grumbling, which is responsible for all our present-day bickering. We have acquired tempers along with courage. What a pity, if all the use we make of the sacred word is to form committees and manage estates, without making these places the houses of the Guru's Word, for which they were originally made! An enthusiastic faith drawn from that well-head of inspiration, the sacred Bani, alone can save us from the prevailing irreligion and carnality. It is here that we are bound to feel the loss of Sant Attar Singh most

keenly. He had a peculiar gift of inspiring devotion and rousing enthusiasm. When he sang with his robust, deep pathos, sometimes dwelling with wonderful slowness on some deepening passage, and sometimes with a fervent rush hurried the listener along with him to the great heights of spirituality—it seemed as if the listeners were being carried away bodily on the waves of music to some divine region. It was a divine soldier marching his troops from the selfish worldliness to the otherworldliness.

Before he had taken to the practice of the Word, he had been employed in the army, and something of the soldier stuck to him to the last. He was no talker he was a man of action. He exercised most moving influence silently, as the Sikhs of old used to do. For Sikhs has great, not as a result of lecturing, but by the quiet emission of divine influences from great personalities in action.

The modern reform movement owes much to Sant Attar Singh in reviving the old tradition of rising early and attending

*Ardas*. In the modern awakening, which gave birth to the *Singh Sabha* and which in its early stages was a mere intellectual revision, there was a danger of emphasising the controversial and destructive part of the programme and ignoring the positive need of progressive devotion and faith. Sant Attar Singh appeared just at a time when this need was most urgent and saved the movement from running to seed in mere scepticism and education. It was due to the heroic efforts made by him and others like him that the Sikhs kept their hold on the better part of their tradition and got their character re-constituted then, when the question of Godfrey Beyer came to the fore. He found the nation ready for any sacrifice.

Being engrossed in the management and control of our institutions, we are faced with the same danger of scepticism and irreligion again. Just at this time the removal of so many veteran leaders throws a terrible responsibility on the young men who have acquired the lead of the present generation. Will we find the disposal of nations, and us some day men armed with the Godliness, to teach us in the way of Truth as of old.

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## A MARTYR OF LIBERTY

SADHU T. L. VASWANI

History records 1699 as the year of the Guru's birth at Patna. That was two years after the passing of Guru Harkishan the abrid-saint whose last words to his Sikh disciples were that none should weep for him but sing hymns to the accomplishment of sacred aims: "what He wills comes to pass. Forget not Him,—the Supreme Being." Looking back through the vista of these two centuries and a half, can you picture to yourself Guru Gobind Singh and the Legion of his days? India disunited! India oppressed! Akbar's dream murdered by his successors: and Guru Gobind Singh the very picture of sadness! Iron has entered his soul. But he weaves it into a great vision. The vision of a Free Khalsa. The pure in heart see God! And only the pure of purpose and strong of resolve may be prophets of freedom!

One such was Guru Gobind Singh. Not a politician! The New India, the Free India we all desire, will be built by prophets, by spiritual idealists. The task is too much for the mere politician. Guru Gobind Singh knew Sanskrit and Persian: but he was not merely a scholar. He carried on his fight with skill and courage: but he was not merely a leader. He sacrificed all his sons, 1 in number at the altar of his country: they were buried alive at Sirhind: but he was not merely a patriot. His place is among the spiritual idealists, and Martyrs of Humanity. Some may question this. He fought as a military chief, they will say. But there is such a thing as *ahimsa* in *ahimsa*. Guru Gobind Singh's fights were not aggressive. And in his heart, we may be sure, he harboured no ill-will, no hate for any. Again and again in his hymns, he sings, "I have taken refuge at Thy feet." A Western Nationalist writes— "Faith, hope and charity." But hatred is the greatest among them! Not such the teaching of India's prophet of Freedom, Faith, Hope and Love, and Love the greatest among them! Such the teaching of Guru Gobind Singh. A Pathan warrior in the Guru's family stole him. The Guru complains not! He breathes out a benediction. In the Guru's heart there was no room for hate. In his heart was love of God and, therefore, love for man, love for India and her oppressed millions. In his heart was love for the Muslims. Therefore did the Muslim *Pir* become his devoted friend. In his heart was love for the poor. Therefore were they attached to him. In his heart was love for the "sindras": therefore did he ask the sindras to baptize him. One is reminded of Jesus washing his disciples' feet. In Guru Gobind Singh's heart was

love for his disciples. Therefore they—men and women—laid down their lives for him cheerfully. What a moving story this of the 5 faithful ones, the Panj Piaras. They offer him their heads for sacrifice. He has wants to test them. He takes one of them to his tent, then comes out with his sword dripping with the blood of a goat he takes the second disciple in: then comes out again with the sword dripping in blood: the others are not dismayed; one by one they enter the Tent: they are ready to sacrifice their lives for the Guru. He has killed some: they are true Singhs ("sons"); and

as soon he begins the Khalsa Brother-hood.

Today, as of old, the faithful sons of Guru Gobind Singh are called upon to surrender themselves to the service of the Dead, the Mother, Bharat.

Does the Voice of the Guru reach them? Then must they bear witness to him in their work and aspirations. For he our Apostle of Freedom who over two centuries and a half ago, came to India in the hour of her urgent need. Guru Gobind Singh is not dead. Me thuka, his voice speaketh yet to those who have ears to hear—

As the Lord declared unto me  
So do I unto others declare  
I fear no mortal;  
I saw the Seed of the Invisible  
I commune close with the Infinite  
Name,  
And enshrine in my heart the Eter-nal Light

## MARTYRDOM

S. KARTAR SINGH, Advocate, Campbellpore.

## SPECIAL FOR THE "KHALSA"

When shall I be free  
When I shall cease to be

The above is the saying of a great Hero and the moral is obvious. Sacrifice your little self, forget it in the performance of your Convictions and Dharma and you play the part of a Martyr. A seed annihilates itself and brings forth hundreds of such seeds. This is the highest renunciation and in death it is worship.

Such is the work of a martyr in my humble intelligence. Such Martyrs have in all ages been held in great esteem and veneration, and the more the religion is nurtured by the pure blood of its martyrs, the more it thrives and the longer the list of martyrs the greater the fervour and enthusiasm is found in its followers.

In fact any religion devoid of martyrs has no inspiration for the people for its propagation. But there are pseudo martyrs who foment religious and communal bickerings and prepare soil for warfare. Such bigoted fanatics are not martyrs in the true sense. But a true martyr is he to whom death is no terror, and pleasure no charm and blessed are they who prostrate before the Maker and leave no perceptible trace of the workings of their soul.

This is truth that martyrs are so to say not the exclusive property of any one religion, but if they are allotted to particular sects or religions Sikh martyrs deserve the highest honour and their list is pre-eminently long and glorious.

Besides the martyrdom of Sri Guru Arjan Dev and his four sons, the

Behadar and the four Beloved sons of Guru Gobind Singh Ji, which transcend all description, the whole Sikh history is replete with innumerable martyrs that amply satisfy any conceivable definition and any level of standard.

To give such a brief account of some of this galaxy of Sikh martyrs, it would be beyond the scope of my line of subject and I would only add, that the martyrs are the Pilgrims of religion and liberty, the nobles, creation of Heaven on earth and this precious metal of souffiers and not butchers is badly needed in these days; so that we may again sing with the poet

The Hero is not fed on smoke  
Duty his own heart he eats  
Chambers of the great are jails  
And head winds sigh  
for royal soils.

## BROTHER MANI SINGH

(Continued from page 5)

Course in the Panth as fares do in wheat. It is stress-psychology to argue like that: the man-in-the-street puts two and two together like this, and goes on deeper. I would request all scholars, preachers and editors to join hands in dispelling this cloud of wild misrepresentation. We fell on hard times in the past: we climbed down. But already the sun of Sikhism is up again on the horizon and we see that there is light all round. The Panth is *awake* with new life again, and very soon we will be its own radiant glory, as of old. May that Day never set on us again.







Special to the "Khalasa"

# The Character of Sikh Martyrdom

S. BAL GURDYAL SINGH WADALIA, B.A.

"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

The Sikh martyrdom reflects the resignation of a saint in prayer, a fact which can be accounted for, by its origin. It is the outcome of a deep-set love for righteousness and truth, not of any base motives of self-gain. Deeply impregnated with religious altruism, it is the speciality of a people who deeming life to be a mere farce, count upon it as a means of salvation. It derives its inspiration from the scriptures and its central feature is total self-surrender.

Its character, in the main, is the character of the Gurus who were its first and chief representatives. These holy personages, believing that oppression carries with it the seeds of its own destruction, endured sufferings with a stolid contentment. Instead of resenting what they took to be a divine decree, they seemed to await as they under went ordeals and repeated the Name. They were also well aware that the seeds that they were sowing by their example will bear fruit.

Their prophetic outlook turned out to be too true. The disciples in strict allegiance to the faith they confessed, received a stirring impetus from their guides and readily followed in their wake. One after another they submitted to the sweet will of the Lord and left behind them a name and an inspiration for the coming generations.

"The Princes of India have had their heads in the jaws of lions and plumed  
 Herodians and decimation follow the wake  
 of Babar  
 And babies have a million to feed them"

GURU NANAK

This was in brief the degenerate state of affairs which gave a life to the Sikhs whose martyrdom brought a metamorphosis in the social scheme which then prevailed in all its severity and rigidity. The chief symbol of the Moghal Imperialism, excluding the good times of Akbar was fanaticism, a disease which these foreign invaders had brought with them from their own climes. No sooner they had established their power on the Indian soil, they came in contact with a civilization chiefly dominated by the native religion which was adverse to their own ideal of life. What chiefly occupied the measures of Babar, apart from a lust for conquest, was the replacement of Hindu institutions and traditions that formed an integral part of the social, religious and political life of the people from countries down south, by their own.

And they freely used their sword and ingenuity to promote this end. The oppression that had reached its highest water-mark, went on unabated both for want of means and want of a determined will. But the torch of Baba Nanak, borne by the successive Gurus in turn, was kindling love, courage and life all over the land and ultimately brought about the rise of a new consciousness among the people. This consciousness gradually developed, made them aware of the state in which they had fallen and taught them a life of action. The challenge of the tyrants was heroically accepted with pen and sword and produced a galaxy of martyrs who constitute a distinct chapter in the history of religion.

The history of Sikh martyrs begins early with Guru Arjan Dev and gathers force and interest as new responsibilities were being assumed upon the disciples. It can be divided between the martyrs who died fighting in the contests and the martyrs who died of torture at the hands of the tyrants.

Many of them have been given a place in the Sikh prayers, and out of both types of martyrs, the latter, their sacrifices involving more sufferings, stand out more prominent.

The suffering of these martyrs varied according to the tastes of the tyrants. The tortures to which they were subjected struck of that sort of barbarism which prevailed among the cannibals, the Hottentots and the ancient Beduins. Guru Arjan Dev, the first of the martyrs was sand-burnt and boiled in a cauldron, and ultimately, as the tradition runs, vanished into the river. Guru Tegh Bahadur met with a voluntary death before a Moghal jury in Delhi, for the sake of "Dharma" and liberty which was desired by the oppressors. He was asked to change his faith and thus spare himself, but life was too much of an illusion to him to be lived by renouncing his true ideal. The verses that he wrote in the prison, prior to his death, contrast the force of the present life with the reality of the one in the Here-after and bespeak of a deep insight into things. His associates Bhani Mati Das Swami into two and Bhani Dayal Chand boiled to death, thus exhibited the truest devotion to their master. The death of two older sons of Guru Gobind Singh at Chander and of the two younger ones, at Sirhind, has been aptly termed as a tale of woe and Ajib Singh and Jhajar Singh fell in a stubborn contest while Zorawar Singh and Fateh Singh were decently handed over to the enemy by a Behaim and

later on, bricked up alive in a wall when they refused to surrender their faith. And the history of their father, the great Guru Gobind Singh, was a series of marvels which when we come to think of the way in which they were accomplished simply astound us and attest to his super human endowments. And we can only do him justice when we say that his whole life was a living martyrdom. Further, the "Forty Immortals" who had severed their connection with him for fear of fighting the enemy, later on fought and fell at Muktsar and had their names evoked at his hands. It was unique sacrifice of a people, driven to a voluntary death, by the taunts of the womenfolk that made them regret of their cowardice.

Bhai Tara Singh had his skull split by an iron mace-weapon and bore his troubles with cheerful resignation. Bhai Mool Singh, owing to the excessively severe torture to which he was put and his spirit of self-denial, may aptly be termed as a King of Martyrs. He faced his death with a calm composure, having been cut in every limb, and though a ransom was offered by the Sikhs of Lahore for his life, he himself determinedly refused to be bought and live. Sardars Mehtab Singh and Sukha Singh of Mirzakai, fell fighting with their pursuing enemy in the solitude of the forests. They had already deprived, by a heroic effort, the sacred temple of Amritsar, from the sin and shame of revelling prostitution, that went on there under the lead of a Mohammedan official. Bhai Bata Singh defied the system of administration by exhorting tolls from the passing travellers and died fighting from a small room against the surrounding forces of the enemy. Sardar Subeg Singh and Shabbaz Singh son and father consented to be packed to pieces on a running wheel rather than undergo the ignominy of a surrender.

That religion gathers force by persecution was no where better proved than by the heroes who fought, endured and died for the Sikh faith. When a price was set on their heads and quite a large number of them had been killed, they seemed apparently to have become extinct. Most of them repaired to the jungles and had them concealed in out-of-the-way places. They lived in hollows and bushes, fed themselves on the leaves and roots of trees and as a hobby, practised archery and swordmanship. They lived there at a great risk of life among the animals and derived courage and strength from prayer and resignation. From this place of retirement they kept a keen eye on the world and watched the activities of the tyrants to take their own chances.

The Moghal Empire, after the death of Aurangzeb was already rapidly decaying and ending in a collapse. Aurangzeb held sway in the remote parts of Deccan and Bengal and the great Capital itself was the storm-centre of palace-revolutions. Strategically indig-



## TARGET FOR A MUSKET SHOT

ing the condition of affairs, these condemned heretics emerged out of their hiding places and spread like hosts of locusts all over the land, violating their rights by a show of arms. The strife that followed took the form of short battles here and there, during which they freely offered their services for the cause which they had been living for. They had to cope with armies that far out numbered them and were far better equipped and their preference for death to defeat, rapidly increased the ranks of martyrs.

A true faith never dies by repression, has been proved in the history of every land. Luther had sown seeds of blood that germinated into action, even in his life-time. The Popes of Rome resorted to pen and arms to win back those who they thought, had under their authority. The Huguenots were butchered and burnt in thousands and thousands were committed to prisons and sent into exile. But how did it affect the Reformation? Outwardly it seemed to have become extinct but there were ulterior forces at work which could not be combated either with sword or ordinance; the bells and interdicts did their own, but eventually protestantism emerged supreme on the continent.

Looking yet earlier, we find the strength of Christianity prevail over the tyrants. The unchristian Emperors of Rome directed their best energies towards its extinction. But all the Imperialistic methods of repression fell flat and Christianity enveloped the Empire of Rome from end to end.

Here, in India the story was exactly repeated. The innocence of the Sikh martyrs told, the deeds of the tyrants rebounded upon their own heads and brought about their fall. From a small irregular commonwealth that had issued under the threats of the enemy, the Khalsa came to be recognized as a supreme power in the land of their birth and established a monarchy under Maharaja Ranjit Singh. By the blood of a handful of martyrs, millions had come to live.

In most of these cases of martyrdom the victims were asked to recant, submit and become converts to Islam, in which case they were given the freedom to live. But this was exactly what they resisted and paid for with their life. Life to them indeed was an intervening period meant for preparation rather than rest or enjoyment. And how could they forgo a chance by which they could claim a redemption? They could well count upon death as a relief from the pains and pangs of existence. The Sikh martyrs, in fact were made of a calibre that triumphed in the very endurance of sufferings, triumphed in shaming the tyranny of their oppressors.

Sikh martyrdom stands unrivalled among others. The only martyrdom that compares with it, is found in the history of Christianity, in its incipient

In his tour of Malwa, the Tenth Guru stays from place to place, paying visit to his devoted Sikhs, whose devotion, he has thus described in *Zafarnama*—

"If thou (address to Aurangzeb) come to the village of Kangar, we shall have an interview. Thou shalt not run the slightest danger on the way, for the whole tribe of Barmas are under me. Come to me that we may speak to each other, and that I may utter kind words to thee."

In due course he proceeds to Jagan Bagwall and thence towards Talwandi Sabo, now called Pandwala, in the Patiala State, a shrine too well known in Sikh history to call for a special introduction. There he is met by a well wisher, Dalla Nambardar, whose offer of men (a full battalion in strength) the Guru has once before thankfully declined. But pointing out his difficulties against the Imperial forces, the faithful Dalla repeats his offer, saying that his men are devoted and brave, just the sort of men His Holiness wants in his battles against the mighty Moghul. The Satguru thanks him for the offer, but does not care to avail himself of it.

Once it so happens that in presence of the very same Dalla, there comes a Sikh from Lahore, and paying his obeisance presents a musket. The Guru is pleased to receive it, a nice fire-arm that it is, and turning to Dalla asks if the latter could tell of two of his devoted men to serve as a target for the trial of the weapon. "What do you mean by this? My Lord, shall I ask my men to waste their lives in this way, simply to enable you to make a trial of the new musket," says Dalla, apparently amazed. "Yes I want two of your men for the purpose," was the reply. But Dalla submitting that none would dare come forward, the Satguru turns to his own men, of whom he invites two Rangretta Sikhs to hold him in the wonderful trial. They are taken tying their turbans, but the call is so attractive that they come forward each with his turban half bound, and vie with each

other as to who should first be the recipient of honor—as they consider their compliance with the Guru's wishes. "I don't want two, I want only one of you to try this musket upon," is the order further. Now they shoulder each to enable himself to outstrip the other as if some wealth is going to be bestowed. When the older of the two is left behind and the younger one comes straight abreast, the former makes the following appeal—

"Father dear, he is a young man and will therefore have many an occasion of trial in the battlefield, whereas I am but a weak octogenarian, only fit for service in the camp. Do Thou therefore, bestow this boon upon me by making me a target for this trial-shot."

Saying this he rushes forward for another attempt at supersession when the Guru bids them stop and turning to Dalla says—

Chaudhri Ji, I want men of this sort, if you have any?"

Khalsa Ji, over a couple of centuries have passed and you have seen much so far, but have you ever pondered over your present condition and discovered what the present degeneration is due to? The Guru now does not wish you to undergo such a trial. He simply desires you to rise to the occasion.

**ਅਦੁਤੀ ਸੁਗਤ**  
**ਬਸਤੀ ਆਰਿ ਬਟੀ**  
 ਵਿਸ, ਵਿਸ, ਵਿਸ ਤੇ ਪੰਨਿਆਂ ਦੀ ਬਾਗੀਚੀ,  
 ਦੁਸਤੀ, ਨੌਰ ਦਾ ਭੋਲੀ ਭਲੀ ਨਾ ਲੋਕਾ ਆਰਿ ਹਰੇਟ, ਸਗੁ ਸਾਥ  
 ਬਰਨ, ਬਾਦਸ਼ਾਹ ਤੇ ਸ਼ਿਦ੍ਹਾ ਹਰੇਟ ਤੇ ਆਦਮ ਸਾਥ ਬਰਨ  
 ਵਾਗੇ ਸਿੰਧਿ ਤੇ ਪ੍ਰੀਤਨਾ ਹਨ ਤੇ ਆਦਮ ਸਾਥ ਪੁਰਖਾਂ ਦੇ  
 ਨਾਮਦਾਰੀ, ਧੰਨ ਦਾ ਸਾਥ, ਸੁਖਾਨੀਕ ਆਰਿਕ ਦੀਰਧ  
 ਸ਼ਿੰਧੀ ਸਾਥੇ ਹੋਕ ਹਰੇਟ ਤੇ ਤਾਬਤ ਹੋਕਨ ਵਾਗੇ ਪ੍ਰਸਿੱਧ ਹਨ।  
 ਵਿਸੇ ਨਾਲ ਹੀ ਵਿਸਤਾਰੀ ਦੇ ਗੁਪਤ, ਪੁਰਖ ਸਿੰਧੁ ਤੇ  
 ਪੁਰਖ ਸਿੰਧੀ ਸਾਥੇ ਹੋਕ ਤੇ ਹਮਲਾ ਹਰੇਟ ਆਰਿ ਹਰੇਟ ਵਾਗੇ  
 ਹੀ ਆਦਮ ਹਨ ਤੇ ਹਰੇਟ ਤੇ ਹੀ ਵਿਸਤਾਰੀ ਹੋਕ ਬਰਨ  
 ਵਰਤਿਆ ਵਾਗੇ ਹੀ ਆਰਿ ਸਾਥਦੀ ਸੁਗਤ ਹੈ।  
 ਆਰਿ ਸੇ ਹੀਕੇ ਸਿਰਫ ਆਰਿ ਸੁਪਰੇ ਆਦਮ ਧੰਨ ਹੈ।  
 ਇਹ ਤੇ ਹੋਰ ਸਿੰਧਿ ਦਵਾਰਾ ਮੰਦਰਾਨ ਦਾ ਪਤਾ—  
 ਰਾਈ ਮੇਹਨ ਸਿੰਧਿ ਹੋਰ ਆਦਮ ਸਾਥ  
 ਬਰਨ ਤਾਰਨ (ਪ੍ਰੀਤਨਾ)

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# SIKH MARTYRS

AND

# WHAT THEY TEACH US

Yes, then, what do they teach us, I mean, to the present generation? Their history is an invaluable treasure to us and we must utilise it in the best way for our uplift. India is passing through a very severe economic and political crisis. To win our liberty against all odds, we should emulate the Sikh martyrs; by so doing, we will be gathering the necessary strength and courage and we will be able to overcome all aggression at the hands of aliens. Next, we are now so degenerate as to patronise cheap foreign articles of all descriptions in preference to slightly costlier Indian-made ones. Why is it so? Simply because our minds have not developed that we are not prepared to sacrifice a copper or an anna more and save the Indian peasant or labourer from starvation and ruin. That is, we are incapable of this little amount of sacrifice, whereas our Sikhs of old gave up sacred lives for the sake of Truth and Justice. Let us humbly remember them for ever and considering them as having scaled the summits of self-sacrifice, let us begin to develop our characters also on their model—so that the day may soon dawn when we will be perfectly fit to take over the responsibilities on our selves and secure peace to the rest of the world!



Special to the "Khalasa"

# THE FORTY SAVED ONES

S. BALWANT SINGH "PATRATH GYAN" B.A., B.T.

It was in the memorable year of 1708 A. D. when Guru Gobind Singh was restoring the country from the tyrannous rule of the tyrants by spreading the light of Faith, that the hill Rajas becoming jealous of his rising power and failing to hold their ground against the Sikhs sent a petition to the Moghul Emperor Aurangzeb and sought his help against the Guru. The Emperor was informed that the Guru had raised a standard of rebellion which should be put down without delay or he would become too strong for the Imperial Army. So the Emperor issued orders and Anandpur was surrounded by the combined armies of the Governors of Serhind, Delhi and Lahore as well as the hill chiefs of Kangra, Nurpur, Jammu, Chamba and others. The siege lasted for months but the Sikhs who were only one thousand strong to oppose over a hundred thousand men, were as unyielding as ever.

At last, as the Lord would have it, the provisions failed and the Sikhs began to starve. Though the Royal forces pressed very hard and many of his followers had been killed, yet the Guru would not surrender.

The Imperial officers feared the wrath of Aurangzeb and desired that some how or other the Guru should leave Anandpur, but he would not go.

At last the Hill Rajas coming as ever provoked upon the officers to have resort to some stratagema and employ craft. At once the tables were turned and the foe appeared friendly.

They sent a special messenger to the Guru with the word that the Sikhs would not be molested if they simply left the stronghold for a short time to enable them to make a favourable report to the Emperor. But the Guru, one known to the secrets of the hearts, would not listen to such proposals.

At this some of the Sikhs who could not bear the pangs of starvation, ran to another Guru and requested her to prevail upon the Guru to evacuate the fort as certain death awaited them there. The mother who had been already feeling the sufferings of the Sikhs very much pleaded on their behalf and the Guru told her to wait for five days more. But even this was too much for some of them and the Guru was compelled to tell them plainly that they were free to go, provided they showed him and gave him a written document to this effect. These Sikhs thought and slung but at last came to the conclu-

sion that their safety lay in breaking with the Guru. Though they felt very miserable, yet the idea of self preservation gave the upper hand. The document was drafted, the Guru was renounced the "Bodhwa" was signed and the Forty Sikhs left the Guru though not without the pangs of conscience.

When they reached home they expected that their friends would accord a hearty welcome to them and praise them for their act of self-defence but they were sorely disappointed. The news had spread like wild fire and they found to their great sorrow that they were hated by every body because they had proved faithless to the Guru.

They were received with the cries of "Shame," "Shame." The good ladies taunted them by saying that they were coward and not fit to be called men. They asked them to stay at home, wear female attire, watch the children, cook food and they would themselves go to receive martyrdom. Thus when their somany act met with disapproval from every quarter, the Sikhs repented. Once more they wished to throw themselves at the feet of the Lord and remedy the evil but they lacked courage to face the Guru. Their plight excited the sympathy of many a man but their sin was so great that none dared plead their cause. At this critical time the heart of a Sikh lady devoted to the cause of humanity melted and she spoke to them in a firm but kind tone, "You have disgraced the community, you have put all of us to shame, but the Guru is merciful. He has raised many a sinner stone to the surface, repent, repent and he would forgive you." The words had a magic effect and every one of the forty deserters was heard muttering "Will he forgive us? Will he be so gracious?"

"Certainly, he will forgive you because he is the All Loving Father," said the good lady who was no other than Mother Bhago a Sikh termine, "provided you are sincere in repentance. Take heart, the Father is ever ready to receive his children in his embrace. I would lead you and intercede on your behalf before the "Sacha Padshah" or The True King."

Thus this band under the leadership of Mother Bhago took the direction of Malwa where it was heard the Guru was to have an audience with him and pray for forgiveness.

This brave band had only gone as far as the village Khamra when the Guru

heard the Guru was nearby. The pen cannot describe their feelings when they found themselves so near the Lord whom only a few days ago they had denounced and deserted. They advanced in the hope of being forgiven and once more taken into the fold when suddenly they met a strange sight and the mother exclaimed, "The enemy is advancing in pursuit of the Guru, here is a golden opportunity, let us do a bit of service and atone for the sins by offering our lives for the country and the Guru: outstretch yourself behind those trees and retard the progress of the enemy." Forthwith as if an electric current had passed through them, they felt themselves strong enough to oppose the enemy whose number was large though they themselves were but a few. When the enemy came within the range, the shots, bullets and arrows plumed them. The brave band fought like lions and the shouts of "Sat Sri Akal" resounded the whole wood. Though small in number, yet true to their oath, after causing a great havoc among the ranks of the foe and inflicting on them a very heavy loss, they died to a man. The royal forces had to beat a retreat and leave behind the slain and the wounded.

The Guru who was watching this unequal contest from a sand hill closely wondered who this party was that had not only retarded the progress of the army coming after him but also had defeated it.

After the battle was over the Guru visited the place of action and was surprised to recognise that those followers of his who had deserted him at Anandpur for fear of their lives were lying dead for his sake in the field. His heart melted, he heaved a sigh and began to wipe their faces with his kerchief but found none alive. While he was thus engaged, his hands touched one in whom life was not yet extinct—this dying man was Mahab Singh. On seeing the Guru he made an attempt to rise to throw himself at the feet of the Guru, but his strength failed him and he fell down.

The Guru took him in his arms and murmured if he had a wish "Puri Gaudhe" (write the broken tw) was the prompt reply though made in broken words as the man gasped for breath.

The prayer was forthwith granted, the Guru not only took the "Bodhwa" then and there into a thousand pieces, but also assured him that by this heroic self-sacrifice of theirs, the Forty warriors had won immortality. The Guru paid his tribute of love by embracing the dead boy of each one of the brave band.

The mighty soul of Mahab Singh thus secured the pardon for his comrades. The warriors who died for the Guru in this way are known as "Immortals" and since then they have been remembered by all the Sikhs in their daily prayers.

At the spot where these heroes laid down their lives there now exists a shrine round which has grown the town of Malwa, and the "Prank" of the Shival



Special to the "Khalasa."

## THE SIKH ARISTOCRACY-II

L. RAMCHAND MANCHANDA, ADVOCATE LAHORE

The second lecture of the series related to the rise of the Sikhs of *Manjakh* and *Malwa* into vaguely organized institutions popularly known as the *Misls*. Although many a leader founded the *Misls*, twelve of these have played a prominent part in the forward move of *Sikhism*. The birth, growth and the political position of these *Misls* in the political history of India is a problem of considerable interest. That small band of Sikhs under the leadership of one of their equals should exercise sovereign powers in certain territories in the Punjab is wonderful.

The lecturer pointed out that at the back of this phenomena lay the personal spring of faith in the unfailing protection of God towards His Sikhs. Gurm Nanak about the year 1469 A.D. inculcated and instilled into the minds of the Sikhs a love for Nam which became their practice and is even upto day a belief and a practice of the Sikhs. This was a living potent force that made the Sikhs fearless vanquishers of death.

In the year 1609 on the sacred Baisakhi festival the Tenth Guru Gobind Singh like Gurm Nanak, put to test the belief of his Sikhs when *Pice Purus* offered their heads in the great sacrifice of the Guru, who said "in the time of Gurm Nanak only one Sikh came up to the test while now five Sikhs have stood the test." This confirmed his belief that pure deathless Sikhs had increased since the time of Gurm Nanak at least five times and the time was ripe for laying the foundation of the *Rhodes*. It was on this occasion that the Guru instituted the *Pahul* ceremony—a process which transformed a *Sikh* into a *Singh* and all those who were initiated were transformed from Sikhs into lions, equal among themselves and equals of the Guru. From this moment while the Guru was dispensing the gift of *Nam* to his *Sikhs* he was at the same time leading them into the battlefields. There arose a serious conflict between the Guru and the *Hindu Rajas* on the one side and the great *Mughals* on the other. The Guru and his *Singhs* fought valiantly against odds and performed prodigious deeds of valor and fought like the gods whom death could not touch. This is one of the greatest miracles of history—the transformation of humble, peaceful Sikhs into ferocious, ferocious, roaring lions—the soldiers of the *Deathless One*. It cost the Guru apparently, the life of his companions, sons, and all, but in reality it was in the precious blood of the martyrs that the firm foundations of the *Khalasa* were laid in

the beginning of the 18th century.

On the death of Gurm Gobind Singh in the year 1708, the Sikhs were left without a Guru to lead them, but were entrusted to the care and protection of Gurm Granth Sahib in which lives the eternal deathless spirit that manifested itself through ten successive human incarnations.

From the years 1708 to 1716 this surging passion of indignation manifested itself in orgies of bloodshed and rapine manifested by the Sikhs under the leadership of *Banda*. From Lahore to Delhi the Muslim population paid with double interest the penalty for the atrocities committed on the innocent sons of Gurm Gobind Singh.

The cruel execution of *Banda* and his 840 followers commenced in the year 1716, the period of the outlawry of the Sikhs. During this period the protection of law was withdrawn from the Sikhs and any one who killed a Sikh was rewarded in cash. During these 20 years the Sikhs found hiding places in the dense forests of *Manjakh*, the deserts of *Malwa* and the hills and adopted the only profession possible to outlaws, *viz.*, of robbery and plunder.

The edifice of the Moghal Empire was fast falling with a tremendous crash which was felt even beyond the *Hindu Kumbh*. This encouraged the shepherd King Nadir Shah, to rush down to Delhi and take away vast accumulated treasure of the Moghals. This great event which entirely shook the foundations of the Moghal rule in India took place in 1738. This encouraged the Sikhs, who came out from the hiding places and plundered the stragglers of Nadir's army. This novel experience gave a new consciousness to the Sikhs, who from this moment became politically minded and realized that if a shepherd of Persia could inflict such serious blows on the Moghals and take away enormous wealth why could not they do the same.

At this time India as a whole and particularly the Punjab fell in a state of destruction and confused anarchy. The *Moharras* from the Deccan, the *Rohela Pathans* from the east, the *Abdalis* from Afghanistan and hosts of others created a thorough revolution. The "lions" of the Punjab became organized and had the courage to plunder the cities of the *Abdali King*, his retiring armies and take the field against him. In 1758 and 1762 their sacred *Shivra* at Amritsar was twice razed to the ground and acts of desecration committed. This did not the least discourage them but on the con-

trary increased them and brought them in open conflict with the *Abdali forces* at *Muchhiwara* in what is known as *Ghaloo Ghal* where 17,000 Sikhs fell victim to the sword. Even this had no disheartening effect on the Sikhs and in the year 1768 Jassa Kallal succeeded in occupying Lahore and in token of his sovereignty proclaimed his victory by issuing a coin. This is positive proof of the consciousness of the followers of the *Gurus* as to their own strength.

From this moment right up to 1779 is the period of the *Sikha Shahi* when the existence of the *Misls* was fully established. They became petty independent Kings, ruling over small scattered areas between the *Jhalas* and the *Jamnas*. All these great *Misls* (equals) were independent of each other and full of mutual rivalries and not infrequently at war with one another, at times entering into temporary alliances both for purposes of offence and defence and again entering into conflicts *inter se*. This period is popularly known as *Sikha Shahi* because it was not the rule of a recognized king but the rule by factions.

All these 12 *Misls* had settled rooms about the Golden Temple at Amritsar in their separate independent quarters which are still known after them, e.g., *Killa Bhangan*, *Katra Ram Garhian*, *Katra Ghanayon* and *Chhawani Nihangian* etc. This was a vast Military Cantonment of 12 independent *Misls* who could put into the field 70,000 fighting men. Amritsar became the capital not of one but of a dozen rulers, even master of his own *Katra* with powers of life and death over the subjects living within the *Katra*, but no concern with those living within the *Katra* of another *Misl*.

It was during this period that the *Bungas* (hospitals) were started for the use of the great leaders of the *Misls* and their armed followers around *Darbar Sahib*. The heads of the *Misls* met in the presence of the *Gurm Granth* to seek guidance and wisdom therefrom. The *Akalis* acted as the rayseers of the meetings and the oracles of the *Guru*. The *Sirdars* who represented the *Sarbat Khalsa* promised to forget personal enmities for the common cause and received the *Gurmatta* (the advice) of the *Guru*, with exclamation of *Sri Wahguru Ji Ka Khalsa Sri Wahguru Ji Ka Fateh* and faithfully and loyally acted upon the same.

The last of these *Gurmattas* which proved a dull affair was sought in 1805.

It was in such state of things that many a head of the *Misls* entertained a suppressed desire to become the *Rajas* of the Punjab with its capital at Lahore.

Out of these the desire of the young-est of all the *Sirdars*, *Banjit Singh*, who was only 19 years old materialized in July 1819 when he entered Lahore, drove out the *Bhangis* and proclaimed himself as the *Raja* of Lahore. The deeds of this *Sirdar*, the head of the *Sukar Chakras* *Misl* form the drama of the next discourse.











Special to the "Khalasa"

## A TRIBUTE

## LATE PROF. PURAN SINGH (1881-1931)

BY PROF. PRITAM SINGH, M.A.

About two years ago we mourned the loss of one who was a veritable jewel of the Sikh Community. Born in 1881 at Alhotabad, Puran Singh after Matrimonial proceedings to Japan and came back to India 1913—a changed man. He qualified as Chemist in the Royal Technological Institute of Tokyo and came under the spell of Swami Ram Tirath who was then visiting Japan. Prof. Puran Singh has written a beautiful biography of Swami Ram Tirath which does great credit to the writer and preserves for us a valuable record of a glorious meteoric career of a great personality. Among his other writings we have the "Sisters of the Spinning wheel", the "Spirit of Oriental poetry", the "Seven Baskets", which are beautiful commingling of poetry and prose in that inimitable style which was peculiar to Puran Singh, who may be likened to Wal Whitman, the American poet rather than to any other man of letters. After all English was not his mother tongue and yet the cadence and rhythm of his writings was such that his books were published in England by some well known publishers and were very much appreciated in the West. Puran Singh also translated into Punjabi, Tolstoy's well known Novel "Resurrection" which is in press. Among his unpublished works in English may be mentioned the "Spirit of the Sikh" which when published will be a monumental work on Sikhism and on the teachings of the Sikh Gurus and also the "Tales from Punjab" which give a vivid picture of the social and economic life of the people of our province. He also contributed to the Indian Journals short stories which were full of religious emotion. The present writer is not in a position to say much about his Punjabi writings but this is certain that the translation of "Resurrection" took him, about 2 months, when he spent himself up and not translating this voluminous novel page after page working 16 hours a day we can well imagine the amount of literary work he was capable of putting in at a time when he was neither very young, nor very healthy. He had planned to collect and publish all his writings in a series of a dozen uniform volumes, but his life was cut short much to our and his plans did not materialise.

His work as an Imperial Forest Chemist at Dehra Dun was very valuable indeed and so were his efforts to produce oil on a commercial scale from Pussa Trees which he was growing

at his farm near Jarnowala. When efforts our homage, however, to his deep love and affection for the Sikh teaching and for the *hurd* of the Gurus which had created an indelible impression on his whole being. He had formed the habit of daily reciting the Granth Sahib under the influence of the magnetic personality of Bhul Vir Singh of Amritsar, the well known Sikh poet and mystic. Puran Singh was a devout and a pious Sikh and had in addition the most modern outlook on life which of course is rare.

He appreciated the mystic writings of all the sages and seers of India as well as of Persia and wrote poems which were dedicated to these sages and seers. He had tuned himself with the Infinite under the inspirational lead of the Sikh Gurus and their immortal *hurd* as given in that beautiful scripture Sri Guru Granth Sahib. His gentle manners, his affable nature, his hospitality and his over-flowing love had endeared him to every one who came into contact with him and he had a very wide circle of friends both in India as well as in Japan. His eloquent speeches and his inspiring words filled every one with spiritual aspiration and one felt as if one was in the presence of a really great man. The spiritual glow on his face and his beaming love can never be forgotten and he still lives in his writings though he is no longer with us on this earth. His poems have immortalised him.

## AN APPEAL

SAHIBDARG S. PARDESI (A.M.R.S.)  
Lieut. Chief Wireless Operator

The Sikh temple in Saigon is situated outside the city amidst jungles. This building has been given on rent by a Singapore gentleman. The Sikh population in Saigon is between 100 to 150 and all of them are practically not well to do.

The present building which is used as Sikh Temple (Gurdwara) is quite a nice building. The rent is pretty high and the Sikh community there cannot afford to pay such a high rent every month, as none of them is getting good salary.

However they have subscribed amongst themselves and have purchased a piece of land in the city. This piece is quite suitable for the Sikh temple, but due to lack of funds, they cannot afford to get the building made.

In my opinion, it is very essential that the Sikh community there must have their own Sikh Temple. Due to my vast experience of travelling I have found that the Sikh community have got the Sikh Temples practically all over the world and I cannot see any reason why the Sikh community in Saigon should not have their own Temple, as otherwise, there cannot be any other way to propagate the Sikh religion in that part of the world. The granthi in charge there is a very sincere man and is doing his utmost for the Sikh Temple and the community. That's what I have concluded during my week's stay in Saigon.

Let me however request my Sikh countrymen through your paper to support financially, so that the Sikh community in Saigon should have their own Sikh Temple. Some money is being collected in Hong Kong to support the Sikh people in Saigon and I do trust that every one of your readers would also endeavour to remit, as much as one can afford to support the Sikh people in Saigon.

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## COURT NOTICES

Proclamation Under Order 5, Rule 20, Civil Procedure Code.

In the Court of S. Harnam Singh, M.A., LL.B., P.C.S., Sub-Judge, 1st Class, Lahore.

Lala Balaki Mal son of L. Ganesha Das and L. Ram Lal son of L. Balaki Mal, Khatri, resident of Gumbi Bazar, Lahore.—Plaintiffs.

VERSUS

No. 2. Mst. Tej Kaur widow of Bhai Tara Singh of Lahore, Said Mitha, Kucha Rakhia Kishan, No. 3. Dev Raj son of Brij Lal, Master of Union Soap Factory, outside Shahdara Gate, Lahore, 4. Brij Lal son of Kanchi Ram, Khatri of Lahore, Wazehwali, 5. Hakim Badhu Singh son of Gurdit Singh of Wazirabad, Gali Sampana, 6. Sewan Mal son of Bal Mahant Arora of Lahore, Akhri Mandi, 7. Budhaspat Singh son of Mehar Singh of Lahore, 8. Makhan Singh son of Khusha Singh Rangaria of Moghulpara, 9. Badri Das son of Lachman Das Khatri of Lahore, Kucha Vawala, 10. Ishar Singh son of Chahar Singh of Lahore, Kucha Mung Kutan, 11. Gander Singh son of Nihal Singh Khatri of Lahore, Shahdara Gate, 12. Waryam Singh son of Raza Singh of Lahore, Mohalla Sudan, 13. Nihal Singh son of Lal Singh Khatri of Lahore, 14. Ram Das son of Balaki Shah of Lahore, Said Mitha, 15. Durga Devi wife of Kashnari Lal of Lahore, Gumbi Bazar, 16. Gian Chand son of Narak Chand of Lahore, Master of Paba Well Company, Brandreth Road, Lahore, 17. Kishan Singh son of Kartar Singh Kambo, Head Train Clerk, Multan, 18. Wazir Singh son of Banta of Kambo-wara of Lahore, 19. Shree Dev Singh son of Sher Singh, T.T.A., M.F.W., 20. Jagdish Singh son of Jawahar Singh of Lahore, Kambo-wara, 21. Ujagar Singh son of Jhanda Singh, servant in the office of Agriculturist Punjab, Lahore, 22. Sher Singh son of Jawind Singh of Lahore, Ravi Road, 23. Narak Singh son of Kartar Singh Khatri of Lahore, 24. Haridial Singh son of Sher Singh Kambo of Jullianahar, Kucha Kishan Chand, 25. Jaspal Singh son of Deva Singh, Clerk High Court, Lahore, 26. Prem Singh son of Labh Singh, Kambo of Lahore, Kambo-wara, 27. Hazar Singh son of Baldev Singh of Lahore, Kambo-wara, 28. Saer Singh son of Ralla Singh Rangaria of Rangaria, 29. Dwarika Das Advocate son of Sarab Dial of Lahore, near Silla Masir, 30. Khushi Ram son of Raja Ram Khatri of Lahore, 31. Mohar Chand son of Bhanu Chand Khatri of Lahore, Shahdara Gate, 32. Amir Nath son of Jagat Nath Khatri of Lahore, Kucha Bahnan, 33. Balkrishan son of Ugram Chand Khatri of Lahore, Kucha Nah-janian, 34. Mool Singh Kambo of Lahore, Kambo-wara, 35. Kartar Singh son of Bhagwan Singh Rangaria of Lahore near Moghulpara, 36. Balkrishan

son of Ram Das Khatri of Lahore, Kucha Bahnan, 37. Bhagat Chand son of Harodh Rai of Lahore, Nizam Gali, Mohalla Sathian, 38. Roop Lal son of Machra Das Khatri of Lahore, Kucha Acharian, 39. Kanch Ram son of Ram Das Khatri of Lahore, Kucha Kota Sahgal, 40. Brij Lal son of Sarv Dial Khatri of Lahore, 41. Mst. Har Kaur wife of Bhagwan Das Khatri of Lahore, Kucha, 42. Mst. Ved Kaur wife of Khushi Ram Khatri of Lahore, 43. Hazara Singh son of Baldev Singh Kambo of Lahore, 44. Gurmukh Singh son of Sawaya Singh Khatri of Lahore, 45. Ram Saran Das son of Ganspat Rai Rajput of Lahore, 46. Gurdit Singh son of Kirpa Ram Rajput of Lahore, Kambo-wara, 47. Dhan Mal son of Dabbar Mal Khatri of Lahore, Mung Kutta, Lahore, 48. Bhagat Ram son of Suchait Mal Khatri of Lahore, China Mandi, 49. Ram Lal son of Kidar Nath Khatri of Lahore, Kucha Bahnan, 50. Prem Nath son of Khushi Ram Khatri of Lahore, 51. Sahg Ram son of Shree Dial Khatri of Lahore, Kucha Kikran, 52. Kirpa Ram son of Lachman Das Rajput of Lahore, Mohalla Jolokan, 53. Brij Lal son of Shuman of Lahore, Labari Masra, 54. Chuni Lal son of Sukhdev Das Khatri of Lahore, Kucha Chiraman, 55. Sarwan Singh son of Harnam Singh of Lahore, 56. Pashon Devi daughter of Nihal Chand Advocate, Kucha Sathian, 57. Kishan Singh son of Gopul Singh Arora of Lahore, Ravi Road, 58. Bhagat Singh son of Suras Singh Rangaria, Kucha Rasta Singh, 59. Gopal Devi widow of Ram Lal of Lahore, Ravi Road, 60. Kartar Singh son of Harnam Singh, 61. Kirpal Singh son of Harnam Singh Rasta of Lahore, Shish Mahal near Gurdut Bhawan, 62. Gura Ram Das son of Bishan Das Khatri of Lahore, 63. Mst. Torishi widow of Labari Mal Khatri of Lahore, 64. Mst. Tara Devi widow of Bishan Das Khatri of Lahore, 65. Yarat Ram son of Bhagwan Das Arora of Lahore, 66. Prem Singh son of Natha Singh Rangaria of Lahore, Ravi Road, 67. Rani Ditta, 68. Gian Chand son of Mulk Ram of Lahore, Ravi Road, 69. Master Ganda Singh son of S. Bishan Singh Rangaria of Lahore, Mohalla Jolokan, 70. Nacha Singh son of Hira Singh of Lahore, Jai Ravi Road, 71. Ganda Rani son of Jai Dayal Khatri of Lahore, 72. Sh. Samita Devi wife of Bhawani Lal Khatri of Lahore, Mohalla Jolokan, 73. S. Jaswant son of S. Chant Singh of Lahore, China Mandi, 74. L. Shree Dayal son of Barket Ram Arora, Mohalla Hatha, Lahore, 75. Harnam Singh son of Kirpa Singh Rangaria of Lahore, Kucha Mota Singh, 76. L. Sawan Mal son of L. Baldevkand Arora of Lahore, 77. Bhagwan Das son of Jai Chand of Lahore, Mohalla Sathian, 78. Mangal Singh son of Seva Singh Jai of Lahore, 79. Gian Chand son of Chanda Ram

Brahman of Lahore, Kucha Sathian, 80. S. Nihal Singh son of B. Kehar Singh, 81. Haridial Singh son of D. Nirmal Singh Peshawari Ram Gali, Lahore, 82. Rang Das Maya Das sons of L. Anand Ram Arora of Lahore, Khajur Gali Bhat Gate, 83. Harnam Singh of Lahore, Ravi Road, 84. Hari Ram son of Ram Rakhia Mal of Lahore, Ravi Road, 85. Ram Nath son of Badak Ram Brahman of Lahore, Gumbi Bazar, Kucha Harnamat, 86. Mst. Ram Kaur daughter of Dandi Chand, Mohalla Hatha, Lahore, 87. Jhangir Lal son of Behari Lal Khatri of Lahore, Ravi Road, 88. L. Sawan Mal son of Bura Mal Sub-inspector Police Line of Lahore, 89. L. Gokul Chand son of L. Hukam Chand Khatri of Sutar Mandi, Lahore, 90. Kirpa Ram son of Lachman Das Kambo-wara, Lahore, 91. L. Talsi Ram, 92. Bashi Ram son of Harnam Das, 93. Pallu Ram son of Rajna Das, Kucha Mohalla Hatha, Lahore, 94. Dama of Lahore, Ravi Road, 95. Mst. Lajawanti widow of Ram Nath Brahman of Lahore, Inside Bhari Gate, 96. Sham Lal Clerk, Accountant General Punjab, Lahore, 97. B. Mohammad Mir Khan son of Mohammad Shorif, Bazar Hakimian, Lahore, Inside Bhari Gate, 98. Mst. Ishar Kaur widow of Suram Singh Rangaria of Lahore, Mohalla Mahalian, 99. Mr. Abdul Ghani Advocate, High Court, Lahore, Kucha Gajpur Singh, 100. S. Harbans Singh, Advocate, High Court, Lahore.—Defendants.

Claim of possession of land.

In the above noted case it appears that the defendants aforementioned cannot be served in the ordinary way. It is therefore hereby notified under Order 5 Rule 20 C. P. C., that in the absence of defendants fail to appear before this Court on the 24th day of April, 1933, proceedings shall be taken against them EX-PARTE.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Court this 20th day of March, 1933.

HUKAM SINGH,

Sub-Judge, 1st Class,

Lahore.

Proclamation under order 5, Rule 20, C. P. C. In the Court of Shashi Abhai Das, P.A., 1st Class, Wazehwali.

Order No. 3 of 1933.

Jaswant Singh son of Sant Singh Arora, Chakran, Tehsil Kharian, and Lal Singh Jagtara Singh minors.—Plaintiffs.

VERSUS

Singh Singh son of Harnam Singh Arora, Pind Sahadati Alipat, Sahar Dieth Mosa-Kur-jat Derasar.

Whereas it has been proved to the satisfaction of the Court that Sing Singh defendant is present service intentionally, and is hiding himself and cannot be served in the ordinary way, it is therefore, hereby notified that if Sing Singh the above defendant fails to attend this Court and personally or through Counsel or an authorized agent on 2nd March 1933 proceedings shall be taken against him EX-PARTE.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Court this 24th day of March 1933.

SAT SINGH L. HADU

Sub-Judge,

Wazehwali.



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# Sacrifices His Own Life For The Leader

Banda Bahadur with his small garrison is successfully surrounded in the fort of Ladwara that there was no way to escape. The valiant Banda and his brave men fight as bravely as they can, till constant attacks of the enemy the imperial odds and starvation much reduce the number of the garrison, and it seems certain that all of them will either be killed or caught. Thus it is that Banda rises up for a final rally with the determination of a hero of his position.

But there comes forward a Sikh, whose appearance resembles just that of Banda and make a most wonderful offer. "Baba ji," says he, "do you know how we the followers of Saigurn value your precious life? You have done much and have to do much more still. But if you die in this way, all our aims will remain unfulfilled. But as our lives are bound to be sacrificed for the cause of the Guru, it does not matter if one or many of us are killed. Fortunately I am gifted with an appearance resembling yours, and have therefore hit upon a plan whereby your valuable life can be saved though mine may be lost. Let me put on all your garments with turban and crest and appear to the enemy as if I were you. Bolstered in this way they will fall upon me and I will en-

gage them as long as I can, till you with as many of the Sikhs as possible could flee away far to the mountains by the back wall."

This is indeed the bravest and the most selfless offer that a soldier has ever made for the safety of his leader. But as is expected of him, Banda declines it point blank, appreciating most warmly the spirit of self-sacrifice in Gulab Singh—this is the name of that brave and patriotic Sikh. But as the latter is too determined to withdraw it, and his convincing arguments elicit a unanimous support from the garrison, Banda has no resource but to bow to the majority. Thus, while he (Banda) and a number of Sikhs make good their escape and the enemy enters the fort, they are gratified to find the object of their efforts there—Gulab Singh appearing as Banda whom they succeed in catching after a heroic hand to hand fight offered by the brave Sikh.

Now comes the greatest triumph, they carry him to the Emperor, but His Majesty's anger and disappointment knew no bounds when it is ascertained that he is not the real Banda, but another patriotic soul Gulab Singh. The Emperor admires his devotion, but does not spare his life.

(See col. 3, bottom.)

## A Boy Of Twelve

With Banda Bahadur were caught hundreds of the brave Sikhs, all of whom were marched to Delhi laden with chains and strong iron gyves, stage by stage, where at each halt, the merciless tortures that awaited them at the Darbar of Farrukh Sayer, were redoubled for the people to come and witness the concrete instances of the then tyrannical rule. "Some of the Sikhs," says Cunningham, "were put to death and their heads were borne on pikes before Banda and others as they were marched to Delhi, with all the signs of ignominy usual with fugitives, and communion among barbarous or half-civilized conquerors. A hundred Sikhs were put to death daily, contending among themselves for priority of martyrdom and on the eighth day Banda himself was arraigned before his judges.

Among these true martyrs there is a boy, minor and under-teen, the only son of his poor widow mother, who reaches Delhi in the meantime, and approaches the king, weeping and crying, "Your majesty, my son is but a simple minor lad. He cannot distinguish between right and wrong. It was under indorsement that he joined the Sikhs while really and actually he himself is not one. Do then mercy, therefore, to his case, and pardon his life for the sake of me, his poor, old mother." Melted, as it is stated, by the dolorous cries of the woman and crediting her statement, the king orders the boy to be set free. But when the fact is made known to him he is enraged and refuses point-blank to part with his esteemed brother-in-law, in their distress. He then requests an audience of the king which being granted he thus addresses Farrukh Sayer: "O king, my mother, a poor simple lady, under the influence of maternal love, has misrepresented me to thee. She wants to secure me this mundane life which is bound to end one day, and doth not care for my religion which, I believe, is imperishable. I am a Sikh, a true Sikh, and am too glad to suffer and die as such. Just more out to me the same treatment as thou hast done to others. In vain does my mother remonstrate, in vain do the king and courtiers advise and exhort him to save his life by giving up Sikhism, the boy appearing as unswerving as ever? Now the king gives his final order and the young martyr lays down his head on the altar of Truth.

This version is supported by no less reliable an historian than Khush Khan.

The noble example of Bhai Gulab Singh stands next in order of chronology to that of Bhai Sant Singh, who having in his appearance, the likeness of the Tenth Guru, professed to the Moguls in search of the great Guru, that it was he, and thus engaged them in a fight ending in his own death.

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# BAISAKHI at SRI PANJA SAHIB

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As usual the auspicious Baisakhi festival which is also the birthday of the Khalsa will be celebrated at Panja Sahib, the land of fountains. The peoples from far and near are mustering strong at the shrine of the Great Guru Nanak and all necessary arrangements are in progress for the convenience of the public. On the next day of the Baisakhi the Educational Conference is meeting at Peshawar which should also be attended by one and all.

The management of the Gurdwara Panja Sahib is trying to make this occasion a success. The scholars of the community have been specially invited and the **Dharmic Dewans** will go on for 24 hours. It is therefore essential that no body should miss this opportunity of offering his homage to the place sanctified by the Founder of our Religion.

*Manager*

*Gurdwara Sri Panja Sahib*

*(Hasan Abdal)*

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